



She walks up to you, James, and smiles. “I caught your last show. You were incredible. Feel like taking me to lunch?” It’s the middle of the night, but what do you care? She’s hot, and obviously willing. “I’m Kitten.” And for fuck’s sake her name is Kitten – how could you pass that up.

Kitten saunters a bit in front of you; you can see a swirling Celtic tattoo just over the rise of her jeans. It seems to be calling you, and the pattern of lines and swirls hypnotizes you almost more than the hot girl with the ink. “My car’s over here,” she tells you, her voice a husky purr. She leads you to one of the darkest parts of the parking structure; you start to think she must be an employee, because only employees would park down here.

When you get to the car, she twists around leaning against the door and reaches up to tangle her fingers into your hair. She pulls your face down to kiss you. That’s when the pain starts. You feel confusion and pain as layer on layer of your drugs seems to melt away like butter on the Vegas sidewalk. In seconds, you’re stone cold sober, something you haven’t been in god knows when. “He’s all yours boys,” she says with a smile pushing you into the arms of a trio of large men in black who look more like gorillas than human. “Make sure you treat him real nice when you take him to Carlos.”

The men grab you, and start beating the shit out of you. Beaten and bloody, they drag you towards an unmarked black van, when suddenly you see Dana speeding towards you. She hits one of the goons hard with her car; he flies a good twenty feet away, but gets up without a scratch. Dana’s car on the other hand looks like it hit a wall, but the engine’s still running. She yells at you – “Get in!”